

# OREGON REPUBLICAN.

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BY R. H. TYSON.

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### Contentment.

[From the New Jersey Mechanic.]

Contentment, like most everything  
else, has two sides to it; the one  
being very bright and beautiful—a  
treasure, at first thought, one might  
well covet; but on more mature reflec-  
tion, it dims in brightness—fades and  
fades away, and is finally transformed  
into a picture of darkness and gloom,  
that makes the man of improvement, of  
progression, of high and noble aspira-  
tions of philosophical mind, turn pale  
and sicken at the very thought of pos-  
sessing it.

Let us look at the bright side, and  
then slide the dark side into view, and  
see how quickly the angel of content-  
ment is scorn of its wings—its charm,  
its desirableness. For the bright side  
let us take the man of toil—of poverty,  
with surroundings and circumstances  
that would seem to make even the  
stoutest heart quail, and render life  
hardness—but no! instead, his face  
all aglow with happiness, his sparkling  
eye, cheerful smile, merry ringing  
laugh, buoyant spirits, elastic step, all  
tell us that he has no unsatisfied long-  
ings, no inward sighing and yearning for  
high place and piles of shining dollars,  
no envyings and jealousies for those who  
roll in splendor and luxury, no sleepless  
nights spent in pleading with the  
muses to inspire his pen with the poet's  
fire, no heartburnings for the orator's  
tongue, the wisdom of Confucius, the  
learning of Plato. No, he is happy! sat-  
isfied, contented with his lot, never  
having one aspiration higher than to  
supply the bare necessities of life from  
day to day. "Happy man! he basks in  
the sunshine of sweet contentment!"

Could we put our ears to the hearts of  
mankind, how many, many sighs should  
we hear heaved for the blessed boon of  
contentment (as we are too apt to con-  
sider it), how many dollars offered to  
buy it; how much splendor, luxury and  
ease ready to be sacrificed. But they  
are looking only at the bright side  
of the picture.

Now let us look at the other side. If  
all were happy, satisfied, contented,  
where would be this fair, this charming  
world of ours? In barbarism! No Tyre  
and Sidon, Pompeii and Herculaneum,  
no Thebes, Athens and Sparta, Alex-  
andria or Rome; none of your glorious  
modern cities would ever have sprung  
up to make the wilderness blossom as  
the rose, and man ready to fall down in  
worship and admiration at his own crea-  
tions. No, he would have been con-  
tent with the forest, the rude hut,  
the trackless desert, the unventilated  
mind, aye, even with barbarism itself!

Contentment is incompatible with  
great things, great cities, great men,  
great discoveries, great inventions,  
great improvements. It is the useless,  
dissatisfied, discontented being that  
kindles barbarism into the bright,  
cheerful flame of civilization—discon-  
tentment that converts the forest into  
the city, stretches railroads into every  
corner of our fair earth, strings tele-  
graph wires from ocean to ocean, from  
land to land; discontentment that has  
unfolded the beauties and truths of

chemistry, geology, astronomy, and the  
other sciences, that has opened up to  
us the hidden treasures of the earth,  
and developed the mind of man into the  
wonderful, almost God-like condi-  
tion, of which every day we find proofs.

Only he who would exchange civili-  
zation for barbarism should sigh for  
contentment.

The poet says, "content—satisfac-  
tion—who wins them?" Look down!  
They are held without thought by the  
dolts and drones.

No? let us never heave a sigh, waste  
a wish for contentment, but, instead,  
sigh, plead and pray that out restless,  
dissatisfied, discontented nature may be  
directed into such fields of usefulness,  
goodness, greatness, that when we come  
to "shuffle off this mortal coil," the  
world may feel that it is better for our  
having lived.

### What Literature and Science have Lost by the Siege of Paris.

Some time must elapse, says the *Pall  
Mall Gazette*, before we shall be able to  
estimate with accuracy the losses which  
the interests of literature and science  
have sustained through the siege of  
Paris. Not a few eminent professors  
and members of the Institute have been  
serving in the ranks of the National  
Guard and the army of defence, and it  
is hardly possible that they have all  
escaped without injury. Already we  
learn that the Abbe Moigno, editor of the  
*Les Mondes* has been wounded by the  
explosion of a shell; that M. Desnoyers,  
fille, of the Museum Library, has been  
killed; and that M. Thenard is a  
prisoner of Germany. As to the  
interruption to study, it is only neces-  
sary to bear in mind how very few phi-  
losophers have the habit of abstraction  
attributed to Joseph Scaliger, who is  
said to have been so engrossed in  
Homer, that he became aware of the  
massacre of St. Bartholomew and of his  
escape only on the day subsequent to  
the catastrophe.

The damage inflicted on buildings  
devoted to science is more obvious. The  
Galleries of Zoology and Mineralogy  
have both been penetrated by shells;  
the College de France has not escaped  
unhurt; and the Meteorological Obser-  
vatory lately erected in the Champs de  
Mars has been converted into barracks.  
In the Jardin des Planes, and Jardin  
d'Acclimatation the ruin has been com-  
plete, all the animals having been  
slaughtered, either for food or by way  
of precaution, and the rare trees—some  
of them of priceless value—have been  
cut down for defensive purposes, or else  
to make charcoal. In the gardens and  
nurseries outside the city, the devastation  
has been equally severe. Chateaux, the  
chief establishment of M. Croux,  
formed the headquarters of the Bava-  
rian artillery; the large palm house  
was turned into a stable, and the flower  
tubs used as cribs. Sheep and cattle  
have been pastured in the Jardin pour  
les Etudes Pomologiques, near Aulnay,  
and everywhere the young trees have  
been furnished stakes for gabions, and the  
branches for faggots. These are a few  
of the effects of "civilized warfare."

### A Successful "Oil" Woman.

A novelty in feminine enterprise has  
attracted much attention among the  
petroleum oil dealers here. A New  
York lady, the wife of Mr. John Hoopce,  
who had been operating in the oil re-  
gions the past three years, while visit-  
ing Titusville and the wells through the  
country, was presented with a lease to  
put down a "ladies well." The liberal  
donor is Mr. J. McCray, owner of one of  
the most prolific farms in the oil regions.  
The only terms and conditions are that  
it must be entirely a "ladies" enterprise  
—no gentleman to be interested. Mr.  
McCray is the happy recipient of \$7,000  
a day income from his wells at Petro-  
leum Centre. Mrs. Hoopce contracted for  
engine house, derrick, and all need-  
ed carpenter work; purchased the  
engine, casing, and other machinery;  
employed drillers, engineers and other  
workmen to "run the well."

Mrs. Hoopce associated with her  
own the capital of some lady partners,  
and successfully finished the well on  
the 1st day of December. It is now  
pumping 150 barrels of oil a day. At  
present prices this investment yields  
\$500 every 24 hours. After paying  
royalty to the wife of the land owner  
(for whom the well is named "Lady  
McCray") and current expenses, the  
fair capitalists are realizing a handsome  
income on their enterprise. The well is  
886 feet deep, and the third, or sand  
rock, is 42 feet thick. With spring  
and moderate weather, another well  
will probably be drilled, under the same  
supervision, on this lease, and it is  
hoped with an equally favorable result.  
—*Home Journal.*

### MINNESOTA LAWSUIT.

In the semi-rural district of Winona,  
forty miles north of that city on the  
Minnesota side of the Mississippi river,  
lives, among several others, a jolly good  
fellow of a Justice of the Peace, whose  
ideas of matters are much like the  
waters of a deep river—once started, it  
is hard to turn them. On a fair day last  
week, after the 10 x 12 law dispensary  
had been swept, after chairs had been  
set in a row against the side of the  
office, and sundry whipped quids of to-  
bacco and mutilated cigar stumps had  
been kicked under the stove, there was  
a woden step on the stairs, and a vic-  
torious rap at the door.

"Come in," said the Justice, as he  
settled into a legal book so befitting a  
man of law, duly elected to dispense the  
favors of the blind goddess.

A stout woman entered. She had  
on a short woolen dress, wooden soled  
shoes, spotted red cheeks, black hair,  
and eyes that snapped like the look of  
a shot gun. In a Portuguese accent, and  
in the worst possible English, she said:

"You law man?"

"Yes, Madam; be seated."

"Want paper. Want paper to take  
man!"

Just then a stout French half-breed  
entered the room. He was unable to  
speak half a dozen words, and looked  
either scared or bashful. The Judge  
saw at once that there was some marry-  
ing to come off, and said to the woman,  
who stood with compressed lips watch-  
ing the Justice and the door—

"Want paper to take this man?"

"Yes—want paper. Me teach him.  
(Nice woman, thought the Justice.)  
He no good man; me take him so  
quick as can!"

"All right, my covies—fix you in  
the jerk of a lamb's tail," said the Jus-  
tice, as he turned to the man and said:

"You know this woman, can you  
take her?"

The man shook his head, and mut-  
tered unintelligible words.

"Ah, I see. Can't talk English.  
Well never mind."

He ran into the street, invited a few  
friends upstairs, and on returning with  
them said to the woman:

"You want to take this man, for  
better or for worse?"

"Yes; me want to take him; me  
pay."

"All right!"

Then turning to the man who stood  
trembling—

"You take this woman for better or  
for worse, and promise to keep her,"  
&c. &c.

"Umph!" and several nods of the  
head.

"Then in the name of the law, and  
in virtue of the authority in me vested,  
I pronounce you man and wife." And  
he stepped before the woman could say  
a word and kissed her lips.

Slap came her hand in his face, and  
she clutched his hair. The new hus-  
band jumped in to take the woman  
away, and to protect her, as the woman  
supposed, when in self-preservation the  
Justice gave him a rap on the nose.  
The woman pitched into the new hus-  
band, who in turn pitched into her, and  
for about five minutes there was a gen-  
eral hustling and display of things de-  
cidedly astonishing.

At last the parties were separated,  
where the man and woman took another  
turn at each other, the blood and hair  
flying in all directions. Down came the  
stove, over went the table, clatter went  
the chairs, and into the street like mad  
went the Justice, with a black eye, and  
the bosom of his shirt looking like a  
warranty deed covered with red seals.

A crowd rushed up stairs, and found  
the man and woman lying on the floor,  
hugging each other like young bruns,  
the woman on top, and pomelling her  
newly-made husband with a hearty  
will.

The newly married couple were sepa-  
rated, when, through the aid of two  
interpreters, it was discovered that the  
night before, the parties, occupying ad-  
joining shanties in the lower part of the  
town, had gone into a dispute over a  
stove pipe, which was claimed by both,  
and from words they had come to  
blows. Each party had hastened to the  
Justice's office in the morning for a  
warrant for the other, with the result as  
above stated.

The last news from there was that  
the parties had gone in search of another  
Justice to unmarry them, while the gen-  
eral cause of their terrible squabble  
was "setting up the boys," and bath-  
ing his bunged eye in camphor and  
whiskey. For an actual fact, it is the  
richest within our knowledge.

Subscribe for the REPUBLICAN.

### NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

We clip the following concerning the  
climate, soil, &c., of the country through  
which the above named road runs, from  
the *New York Sun*:

"The route across the Continent se-  
lected by the Northern Pacific Rail-  
road, although five or six degrees fur-  
ther north than the other roads, secures  
a milder climate. This is due to several  
natural causes, among them the low  
altitude of the country traversed, and  
on the Pacific Coast the influence of the  
warm current in the ocean, correspond-  
ing to our Atlantic Gulf Stream, which  
strikes the coast at Puget Sound, its  
softening effect extending far inland.  
Portland, near the Columbia river, is  
described as a second Garden of Eden.  
Samples of produce from that region  
exhibited on 'Change in Chicago, a few  
days ago, such as wheat weighing 65 lbs.  
to the bushel, and oats weighing 48 lbs.  
created great astonishment among deal-  
ers. The winter around Portland, it is  
said by residents of that place, is only  
from three to six weeks duration. The  
fertility of the soil is wonderful. One  
thousand bushels of potatoes are re-  
ported to have been raised on a single  
acre; pears and cherries are in season  
from three to seven months, and grain  
ripens into a magnificent crop, no mat-  
ter what time of the year it is put into  
the ground. The Portland people ship  
large quantities of lumber and the lower  
grades of flour direct to China, and they  
export grain and fruit largely in other  
directions. When the Northern Pacific  
Road is completed, they expect to drive  
a large inland trade. This road is now  
being carried forward from both ends.  
A gentleman recently from Oregon says  
that 1,000 Chinese laborers are engaged  
on its construction there. The mildness  
of the climate along this route will not  
seem so extraordinary when it is con-  
sidered that the general line of the  
Northern Pacific Road is 150 miles  
south of the latitude of Paris."

### Different Ways of Taking Tea.

The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup,  
pours hot water upon it, and drinks the  
infusion of leaves; he never dreams of  
spoilings its flavor with sugar or cream.  
The Japanese triturates the leaves be-  
fore putting into the pot. In Morocco,  
they put green tea, a little tansy, and  
a great deal of sugar into a teapot, and  
fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara,  
every man carries a small bag of tea  
about him, a certain quantity of which  
he hands over to the tooth keeper he  
patronizes, who conceals the beverage  
for him. The Bokhariot finds it as dif-  
ficult to pass a tea booth, as our own  
drum drinker does to go by a gin palace.  
His breakfast beverage is schitscha,  
that is tea, flavored with milk, cream or  
mutton fat, in which bread is soaked.  
During the daytime, sugarless green  
tea is drunk, with accompaniments of  
cakes of flour and mutton suet. It is  
considered an inexcusable breach of  
manners to cool the hot cup of tea with  
the breath; but the difficulty is over-  
come by supporting the right elbow in  
the left hand, and giving a circular  
movement to the cup. How long each  
kind of tea takes to draw is calculated  
to the second; and when the can is  
emptied, it is passed round among the  
company, for each tea-drinker to take  
up as many leaves as can be held be-  
tween the thumb and fingers, the  
leaves being esteemed an especial  
dainty.

When Mr. Ball was travelling in  
Asiatic Russia, he had to claim the  
hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The  
mistress of the tent, placing a large  
kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully  
with a horse's tail, filled it with water,  
and threw in some coarse tea and a lit-  
tle salt. When this was near boiling  
point, she tossed the tea about with a  
brass ladle, until the liquor became  
very brown, and then it was poured off  
into another vessel. Cleansing the ket-  
tle, as before, the woman set it again on  
the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal  
and fresh butter. Upon this the tea  
and some thick cream were poured,  
the ladle put into requisition, and, after  
a time, the whole was taken off the fire  
and set aside to cool. Half pint wooden  
mugs were handed round, and the tea  
ladled into them, a tea forming meat  
and drink, and satisfying both hunger  
and thirst. However made, tea is a  
blessed invention for the wearied trav-  
eler.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Paris correspondent, writing of  
the siege, says: "They tell of one lady  
here who was so overcome by her  
appetite as to eat her beloved lap-dog."  
After a hearty meal, she looked down at  
the little heap of bones; tears fell from  
her eyes. "Poor Bijou!" she exclaim-  
ed, "how he would have enjoyed them!"

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Offers his Services to the Citizens of Dallas  
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the diseases of Women and Children.  
Office at his residence. 34-1y

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that he is prepared to do any kind of work in  
his line on the shortest notice, and in the best  
style. Thankful to his old customers and  
friends for former patronage, he respectfully  
solicits a continuance of the same.  
39-1f S. T. GARRISON.

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**Tables,**  
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be found in any Hotel in the Country. Give  
me a call, and you shall not leave disappointed.  
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and Sardines will be served to gentle-  
men on the outside of the counter, by a gentle-  
man who has an eye to "bit" on the inside.  
So come along, boys; make no delay, and  
we will soon hear what you have to say.  
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